1:Gallin E-4,5 (1957-1958) 1966
AD5 Taiwan Hokkien AD5

[P.148-B]

302
305
291
516
142

ABOVE: Itinerant beautician. BELOW: Itinerant artisan making steamers.

342
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352
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3:Wolf F-5 (1959-1961) 1968 AD5 Taiwan Hokkien
Taiwan AD6

The City and the Market Town

In the few arcades streets closed to automobiles in the United States and England, one is conscious of the sound of feet on concrete, but in Taipei, even though the wooden clogs of the poor make much more noise than Western leather, one is conscious of voices. Children cry, women gossip, storekeepers greet friends and customers, peddlers inform passers-by of the quality and freshness of their wares, pedi-cab drivers shout warnings to pedestrians about to step in front of them, neighbors discuss the bargains they've found, and not infrequently family quarrels are presented for the world to judge. Winter or summer, day or night, there is always the smell of smoke—coal smoke, charcoal smoke, fuel oil. Often it is delicately embroidered with a thread of incense coming from a family altar in the back of a store or from a small temple tucked down a side alley. The air is heavy with smells, not just smoke, but the oily smells of cooking, the salty smell of drying fish, the sharp tang of pickled vegetables, the elegant smell of sandalwood being fashioned into boxes and furnishings for the rich, and always somewhere in every neighborhood the smell of the "honey-wagon," a slow moving tank cart that goes from house to house to collect "night-soil."

In 1957 my husband and I arrived in Taipei and spent the better part of a year there, studying Mandarin. The following year, the majority of which I was forced to spend in the United States because of the illnesses of my parents, my husband searched the island for a suitable village in which to carry out the anthropological field project that had brought him to Taiwan. I returned not to the noisy, jostling city but to a small, quiet village on the banks of the Tamsui River. In its way of life, Peihotien was far from Taipei; in miles, the distance was not great. With luck and a feeling of urgency, the trip from the Taipei train station to our doorstep could be made in an hour, half by train and half by foot. The train rumbled through Taipei suburbs, a small city, a couple of small market towns, and much open paddy land before it dropped us in the market town of Tapu. Tapu is the buying, selling, repairing, and general servicing town for a number of villages, including the one in which I was to live.

The Tapu train station opens onto a little square; the square in turn opens onto the main street of the town. I have never seen the square completely empty, not even in the heavy rains that break the heat of summer afternoons. There is a man who sells hot noodles from a little cart, another with fresh fruit, another with newspapers and gaudy magazines.

3:Wolf F-5 (1959-1961) 1968 AD5 Taiwan Hokkien AD5
Peihotien

man is expected to provide his ancestors with the best he can possibly manage. The Lim altar is tastefully simple, but of excellent wood and careful carving. The top is cluttered with the usual collection of ugly vases, gaudy lanterns, fussy brass candle holders, an elaborately carved wooden stand to hold the half-moon-shaped divining blocks, and some delicate pewter wine cups used only to offer drink to the gods and ancestors. Besides the ancestral tablets, the altar also holds two glass boxes containing images of the Goddess of Mercy and Tu Ti Kung. The latter are only decoration. Although they have vague protective powers, they are not imbued with the significance of the images residing in temples. On the wall behind the altar are a picture of the Eight Immortals and a large panel covered with the character for long life repeated in its hundred different forms. The only other decorations in the room are a Chinese painting on a scroll and various inscriptions painted or pasted over doors and windows to insure the family's good health, prosperity, and fertility.

When my husband and I moved into the Lim family home, we were delighted to be given as our sleeping room the tiny room directly in back of the family altar. The room is separated from the guest hall by only half a wall topped by a lattice screen. There was little chance of our sleeping through any of the religious ceremonies performed at dawn or during the night. Much to my surprise, the sleeping room that should have housed the head of the family became our office. It had been empty since the death of Lim Chieng-cua's father. Later, when I came to understand the structure and tensions of the family, I was impressed by Lim Chieng-cua's discretion, and the diplomacy with which he had solved a vexing problem. At the time, I was simply pleased at the ease with which we had inserted ourselves into the very center of a Taiwanese family. We had little peace and quiet, and no privacy, but for our purposes the situation was ideal.

The remainder of the Lim's front wing is taken up with sleeping rooms—Lim Chieng-cua and his wife and six children on one side, his elder brother's widow, Lim A-pou, her married son and his family on the other. At one end, in a room that would have been the kitchen in a smaller house, is the dining room, one of the few in the village. Its elegance is confined to its title. Though fairly large, the room is cluttered with crocks of pickled vegetables, the big rice bin, a foot-treadle sewing machine, and odds and ends of farm equipment. In the center of the room is a high, round eating table with an assortment of tall stools around it. The stools are drawn from those stacked in the

463 I never observed any major job without at least one hired
171 expert although on two occasions, there were more householders than experts on a single job: when the mayor and his son helped one expert replaster a mudbrick house; and when Liao Chin-ping (one of the village miners), his younger brother, and his son helped two roofers put a new tile roof on his house.

The job of laborer in construction was open to everyone, even women, although in the United States, laborers are also unionized and restricted in the building trades. The most common kind of "do-it-yourself" activity seen in the village was for the householder to act as a laborer for his hired craftsman. Other jobs which were open to everyone included farming and work in the factory or a commercial establishment. Almost every family in the village was engaged in some farming and most women, at least, grew vegetables. Even when a man had a full-time job, he usually farmed part-time, sometimes as a laborer, but more often as an owner-operator or tenant.

There were four men with trades who regularly lived
[322] in Sanlei village. Two were carpenters, one full-time and
[465] the other part-time. In the village area, a carpenter earns $65.00 per day, higher than the skilled farm-worker wage of $50.00 although not as high as carpenter wages in
[465] the city of Taipei. The third man with a trade was the
[305] barber who charged $5.00 for a haircut, shampoo, and shave.